NO. 49
PEP COMICS
JUNE
10¢
Archie
Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!
AN MLJ MAGAZINE
ARCHIE ANDREWS
MATH

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 27

Hello, Gang:

Well, it looks like the flood has started. I am referring, of course, to the contest on Democracy we started in March PEP. The idea was to send in a composition of not more than 100 words on why America is the best place in the world to live in. The winner was to have his or her letter reprinted on this page. So here it is. Elaine Schatzman of Woodside, L. I. writes:

> I think Hitler is just plain stupid. He wouldn't learn his lesson from Napoleon and the other dictators who tried to do the same thing. When I read about the things that happened in the occupied countries, like innocent hostages being shot without trial or people being tortured and dying of starvation and other terrible things, I don't need any other reasons for loving my country and the Democracy we live in. That is why I keep buying bonds and stamps so we can win the war quicker both in Germany and Japan.

Congratulations, Elaine! You will receive an autographed portrait of the Shield and Dusty.

This month's honorary members are as follows:

JAMES ROSE
4840 W. 139th Street
Hawthorne, Calif.

WILLIAM H. TODD, JR.
17 Angle Street
Pawtucket, R. I.

ELLIS EVANS
Box 551
Cohway Springs, Kans.

SHIRLEY SAUNDERS
7608 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, La.

EDWIN SPIEVACK
4148 Paddock Rd.
Cincinnati 29, Ohio

WILLIAM MEHAN
1605 Kerrigan Avenue
Union City, N. J.

RONALD R. AUSTIN
88-12 Aubrey Avenue
Glendale, N. Y.

GLORIA CARTER
5105 Ross Avenue
Dallas, Texas

FRED YONKMAN
1545 Pine Street
Muskegon 30, Mich.

Sincerely
Joe Higgins

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE .....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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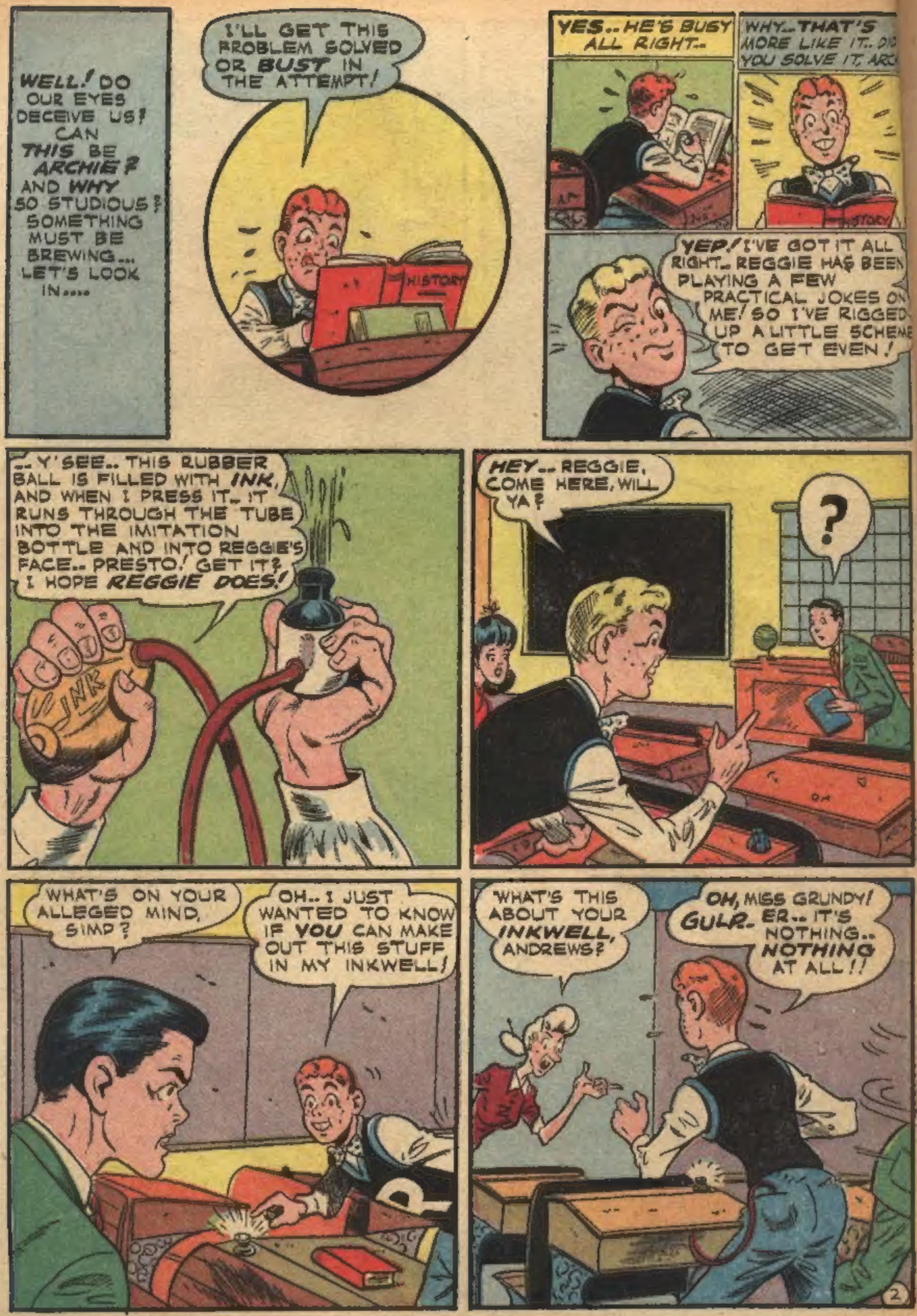
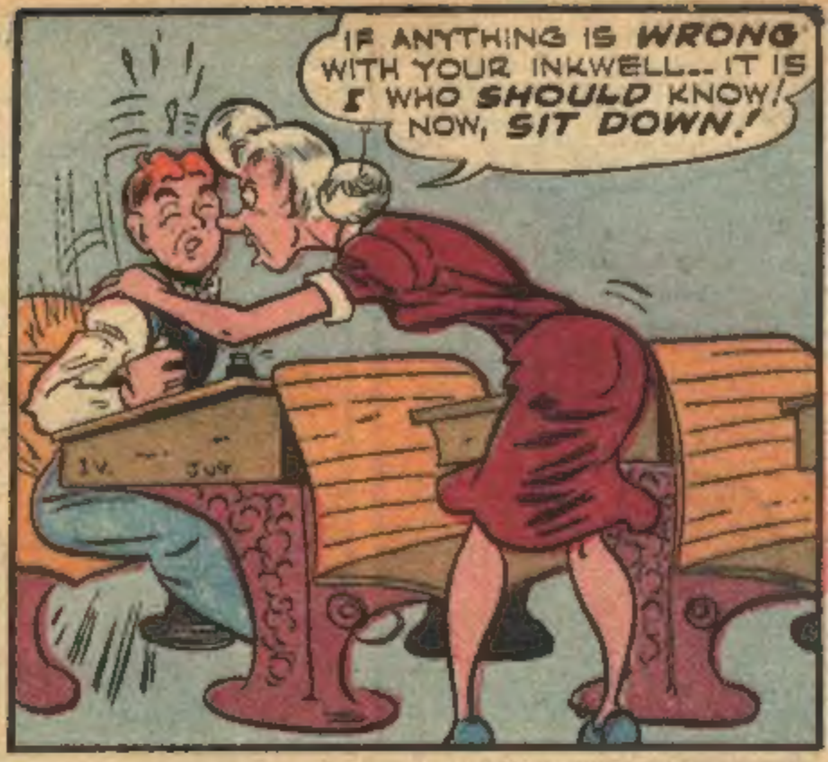
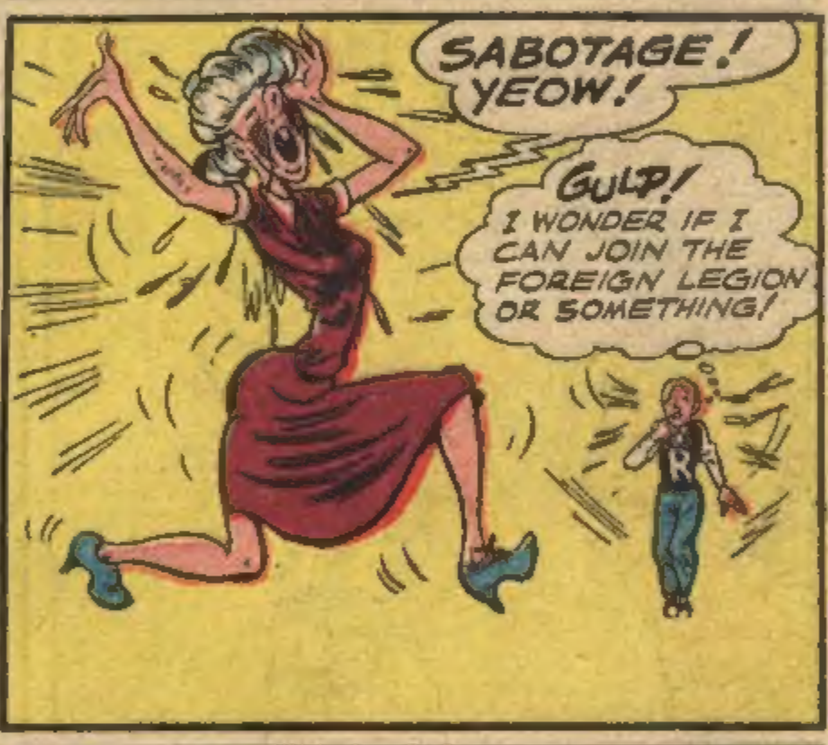
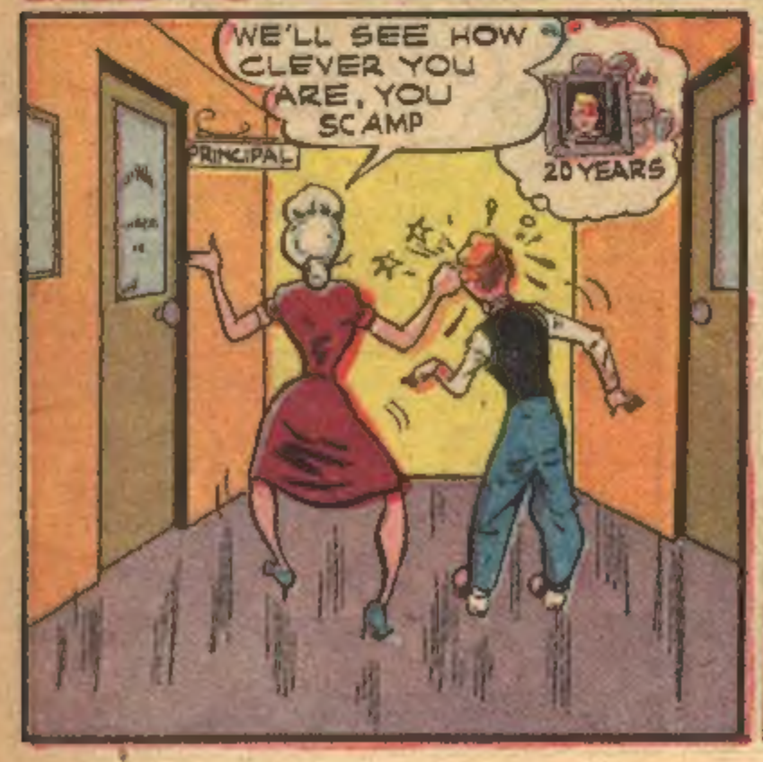
Archie
SAHLE
GINGER
BUT BUT... I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, MR. WEATHERBEE, HONEST!
AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO ME, ARCHIE ANDREWS, THE ONLY EXPLANATION I WANT IS HOW TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY, AS PAINFULLY AS POSSIBLE!!
NARCISSUS

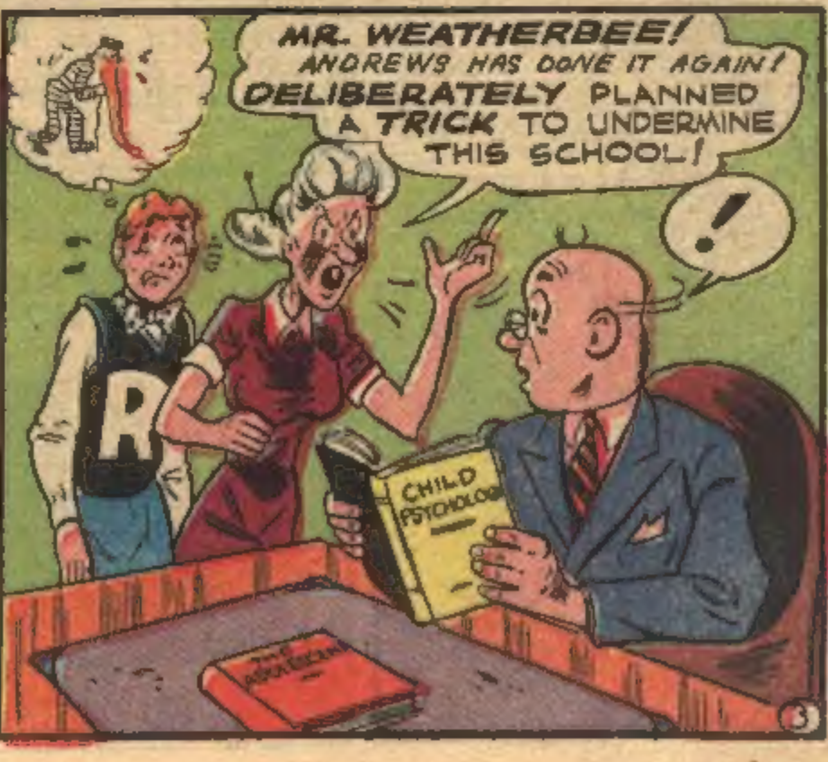

WELL! DO OUR EYES DECEIVE US! CAN THIS BE ARCHIE? AND WHY SO STUDIOUS? SOMETHING MUST BE BREWING... LET'S LOOK IN....
I'LL GET THIS PROBLEM SOLVED OR BUST IN THE ATTEMPT!
HISTORY
YES.. HE'S BUSY ALL RIGHT..
WHY.. THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.. DID YOU SOLVE IT, ARC
HISTORY
YEP! I'VE GOT IT ALL RIGHT.. REGGIE HAS BEEN PLAYING A FEW PRACTICAL JOKES ON ME! SO I'VE RIGGED UP A LITTLE SCHEME TO GET EVEN!
.. Y'SEE.. THIS RUBBER BALL IS FILLED WITH INK, AND WHEN I PRESS IT.. IT RUNS THROUGH THE TUBE INTO THE IMITATION BOTTLE AND INTO REGGIE'S FACE.. PRESTO! GET IT? I HOPE REGGIE DOES!
INK
HEY.. REGGIE, COME HERE, WILL YA?
?
WHAT'S ON YOUR ALLEGED MIND, SIMP?
OH.. I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU CAN MAKE OUT THIS STUFF IN MY INKWELL!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOUR INKWELL, ANDREWS?
OH, MISS GRUNDY! GULP- ER.. IT'S NOTHING.. NOTHING AT ALL!!
2

HMPF!
HONEST, MISS GRUNDY... I WAS ONLY KIDDING... HEH-HEH!
R


IF ANYTHING IS WRONG WITH YOUR INKWELL... IT IS I WHO SHOULD KNOW! NOW, SIT DOWN!


SABOTAGE! YEOW!
GULP! I WONDER IF I CAN JOIN THE FOREIGN LEGION OR SOMETHING!
R


WE'LL SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, YOU SCAMP
PRINCIPAL
20 YEARS

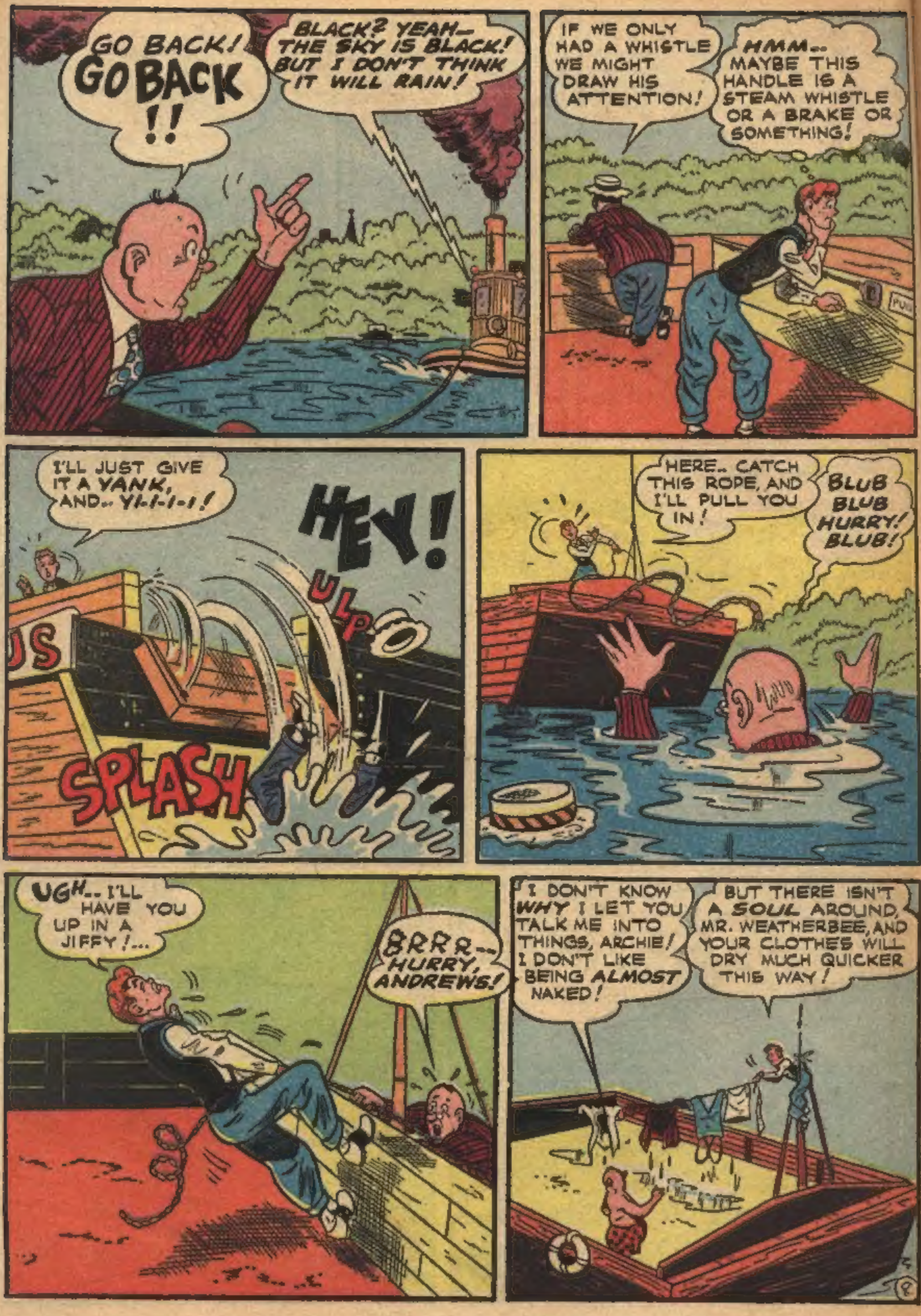

MR. WEATHERBEE! ANDREWS HAS DONE IT AGAIN! DELIBERATELY PLANNED A TRICK TO UNDERMINE THIS SCHOOL!
!
R
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

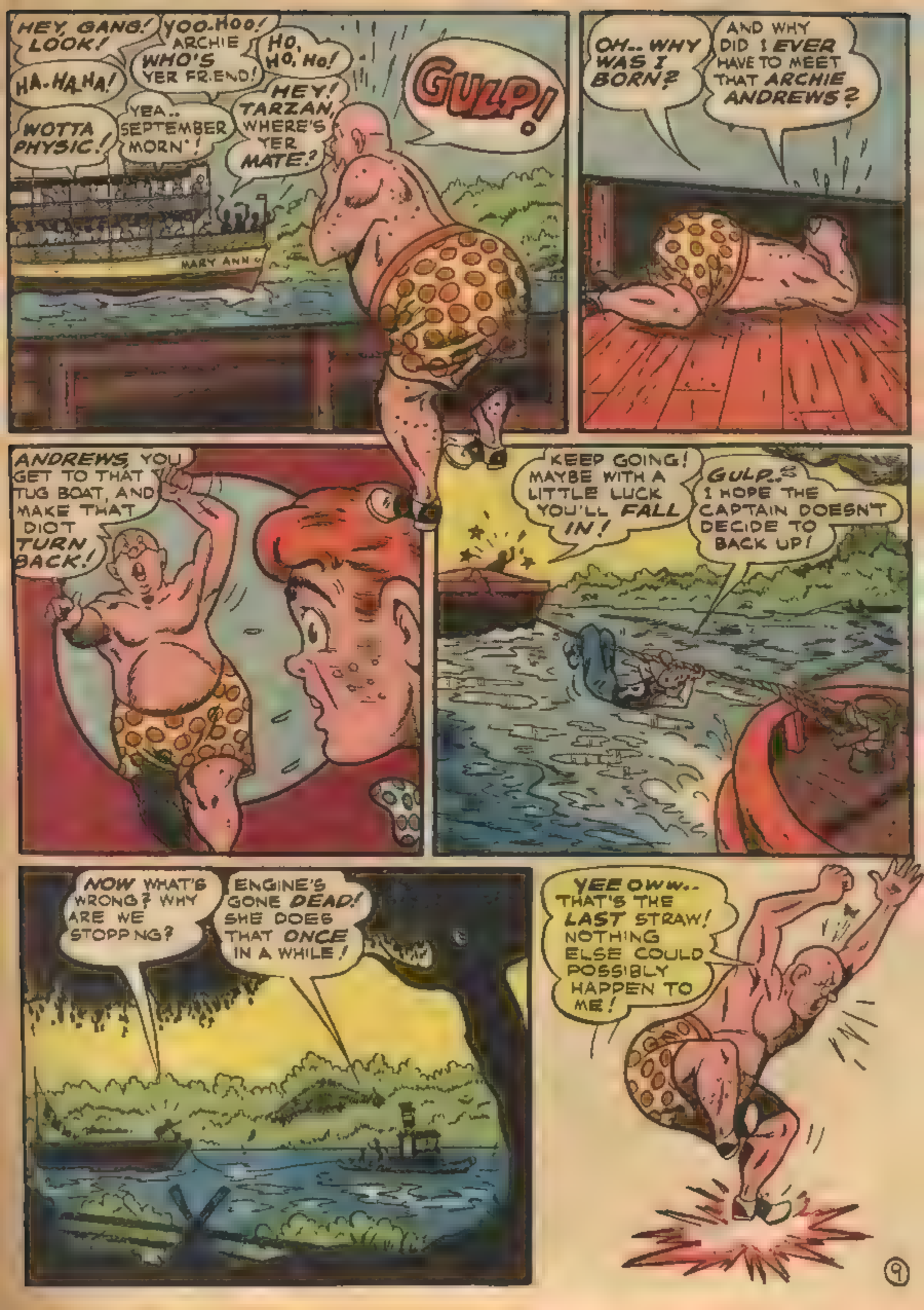
HMMM.. THIS WOULD BE THE TIME TO USE MY KNOWLEDGE OF PSYCHOLOGY!
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY
YOU MAY GO MISS GRUNDY.. YOU KNOW, ARCHIE M' BOY, WE CAN HANDLE THIS WITH DIPLOMACY!
WE.. WE CAN?
ARCHIE WHAT YOU NEED IS A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY! I HAVE FAITH IN YOU - SO HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...
A LITTLE LATER..
WERE YOU EXPELLED, ARCHIE?
NAW.. YOU ARE NOW GAZING ON A MAN OF RESPONSIBILITIES!
YOU? WHAT HAPPENED, ARCH?
I'M IN FULL CHARGE OF HIRING A BOAT FOR THE SCHOOL PICNIC!
GEE.. WHAT A MAN!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOUR BEING IN CHARGE OF THE PICNIC?
YES SIR.. IN FULL CHARGE! I'LL ARRANGE A PICNIC THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!
IN FACT I'M NOW ON MY WAY TO CHARTER THE BOAT.... !
ROW BOAT, ARCH'?
WOW! LOOK AT HER.. BOY! WHAT LINES! WHAT GRACE!
NARCISSUS
YEAH!.. AN' WHAT A PRICE I BET!
4

SAY-- CAP-- WHERE CAN I FIND THE SKIPPER OF THE "NARCISSUS" ? ? ?
EH? TALK UP SON! I'M A BIT HARD O' HEARIN'!
I WANT TO HIRE THE NARCISSUS FOR A PICNIC! WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?
A LITTLE LATER--
OKAY--BOYS-- SEE YOU ON SATURDAY!
YEP-- NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR RIVERDALE HIGH!
WOW! IMAGINE A BOAT LIKE THAT ONLY $35! AM I A BUSINESS MAN!
I STILL DON'T SEE HOW YOU DID IT!
NARCISSUS FOR HIRE
WHY THEY WANT THE NARCISSUS FOR A PICNIC, I DON'T KNOW-- BUT 35 BUCKS IS 35 DOLLARS!
NARCISSUS
THE DAY OF THE BIG PICNIC!
PICNICS! BAH!
YOU CAN WAIT HERE! I'LL BE BACK!
5

"THE NARCISSUS" THE NAME SUITS HER TO A 'T'!
YEAH, THEN WHY DID SHE CHANGE IT??
THE "MARY ANN"?
MARY ANN
MARY ANN
THEN WHERE'S THE NARCISSUS??
FEAST YOUR EYES, CHUM!
HOLY COW!! THIS THING'S A SCOW!
HMMM.. POETRY!
DID YOU SAY NOW?
NO! NO! I SAID THE NARCISSUS IS A SCOW!
DARN TOOTIN'! BEST OLE GARBAGE SCOW ON TH' RIVER! JES' WAVE WHEN YA WANT ME TO START!
PHEW!
MEANWHILE..
YOU SEE, MISS GRUNDY, I KNEW MY PSYCHOLOGY WOULD WORK! ALL ARCHIE NEEDED WAS A CHANCE!
THAT'S ALL HE EVER NEEDS, MR WEATHER-BEE!

ARE YOU THE PRINCIPAL?
YES.. THAT I AM!
THEN YOU OWE EXACTLY $325!
HEH, HEH! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THE NARCISSUS HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID FOR!
MARY ANN
THEN PUT YOUR BOYS ON THE NARCISSUS OVER HERE, AND TAKE 'EM OFF MY BOAT.. THE MARY ANN..!
WHAT!
OH..OH.. HERE COMES TH' BEE! S' LONG, ARCH.. IT WAS NICE KNOWIN' YOU!
Y-I-I-I! DON'T LEAVE ME NOW! JUG PLEASE!
S
R
ARCHIE WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?
NOW, WAIT, MR. WEATHERBEE, I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
HMMM— WAVIN' THEIR ARMS— MUST BE THE SIGNAL T' START! FUNNY THO' ONLY TWO OF 'EM GOIN' ON THIS PICNIC...! OH.. WELL...
WE'RE MOVING! TELL THE CAPTAIN TO STOP! DO SOMETHING!
HEY, CAPTAIN! STOP! STOP!
YUP! SHE DOES RIDE LIKE A TOP!
NARCISSUS
7


GO BACK! GO BACK !!
BLACK? YEAH— THE SKY IS BLACK! BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL RAIN!
IF WE ONLY HAD A WHISTLE WE MIGHT DRAW HIS ATTENTION!
HMM... MAYBE THIS HANDLE IS A STEAM WHISTLE OR A BRAKE OR SOMETHING!
I'LL JUST GIVE IT A YANK, AND.. YI-I-I-I!
HEY!
ULP
SPLASH
HERE.. CATCH THIS ROPE, AND I'LL PULL YOU IN!
BLUB BLUB HURRY! BLUB!
UGH... I'LL HAVE YOU UP IN A JIFFY!...
BRRR— HURRY, ANDREWS!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THINGS, ARCHIE! I DON'T LIKE BEING ALMOST NAKED!
BUT THERE ISN'T A SOUL AROUND, MR. WEATHERBEE, AND YOUR CLOTHES WILL DRY MUCH QUICKER THIS WAY!


HEY, GANG! LOOK!
YOO-HOO! ARCHIE WHO'S YER FR.END!
HO, HO, Ho!
HA-HA-HA!
HEY! TARZAN, WHERE'S YER MATE?
GULP!
WOTTA PHYSIC!
YEA.. SEPTEMBER MORN'!
MARY ANN
OH.. WHY WAS I BORN?
AND WHY DID I EVER HAVE TO MEET THAT ARCHIE ANDREWS?
ANDREWS, YOU GET TO THAT TUG BOAT, AND MAKE THAT DIOT TURN BACK!
KEEP GOING! MAYBE WITH A LITTLE LUCK YOU'LL FALL IN!
GULP.. I HOPE THE CAPTAIN DOESN'T DECIDE TO BACK UP!
NOW WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
ENGINE'S GONE DEAD! SHE DOES THAT ONCE IN A WHILE!
YEE OWW.. THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! NOTHING ELSE COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN TO ME!

PING

OH, OH!

DON'T WORRY, SON, THE RAIN WON'T LAST AND BESIDES WE'LL DRIFT BY THE COAST GUARD STATION ABOUT TEN T'NIGHT!

TEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT! GULP!

NEXT DAY..

PSYCHOLOGY, BAH! I'M BURNING AND FREEZING AT THE SAME TIME.. AND THE PICNIC WAS RUINED!

BUT ANDREWS HASN'T HEARD THE LAST OF.. WHAT'S THIS?

BROWN & GOLD

PICNIC HUGE SUCCESS

COTTON

BROWN AND GOLD

PICNIC HUGE SUCCESS

CAPTAIN CLARK OF THE "MARY ANN" ALLOWS RIVERDALE FREE USE OF HIS BOAT! .....

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS SOME CONFUSION AT FIRST.. ETC. ETC. .....

HERE'S THE FELLOW TO WHOM RIVERDALE OWES A DEBT OF GRATITUDE

ALTHOUGH PRINCIPAL WEATHERBEE IS ILL IN BED THE MOMENT IT IS EXPECTED THAT HE WILL PERSONALLY COMPLIMENT ARCHIE ANDREWS .....

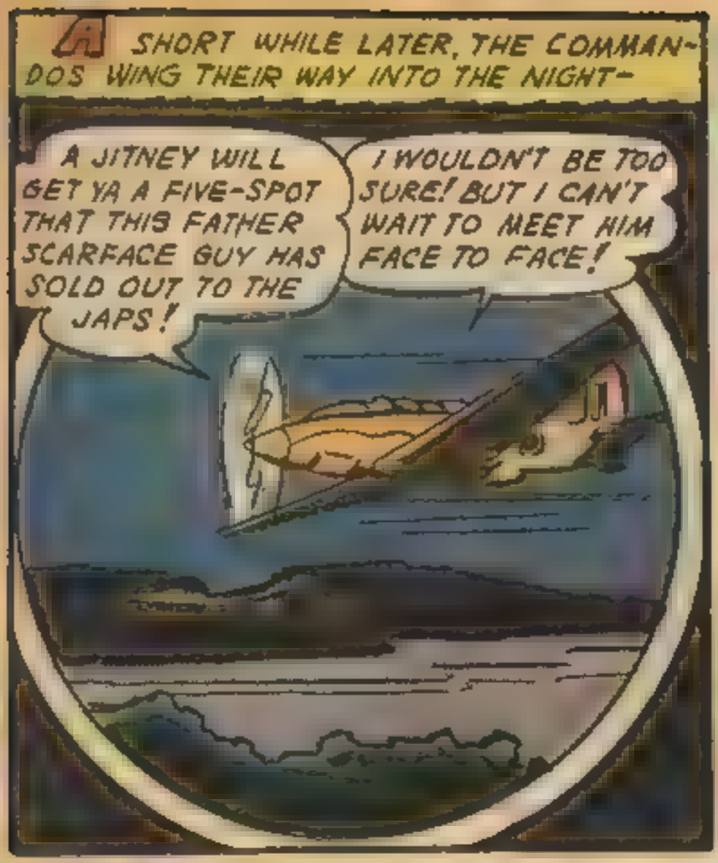
GENTLEMEN OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.. I WISH TO HAND IN MY RESIGNATION AS PRINCIPAL OF RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.. ETC.. ETC...

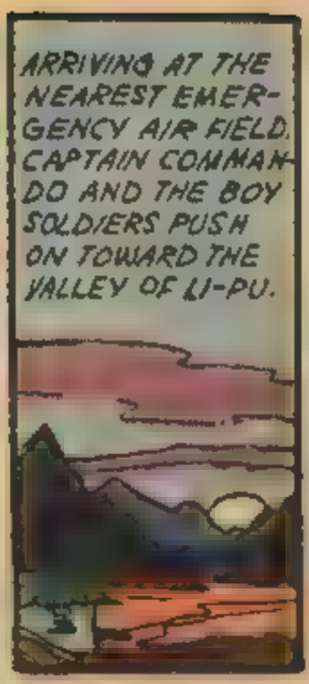
Archie
IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!
Bill Vigoda
HA, HA NEVER LAUGHED SO MUCH IN MY LIFE, DOC!
BOY! WHEN ARCHIE'S ON THE AIR, EVEN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW DOESN'T BOTHER ME!
...AND FURTHER-MORE, YOU BRUTE, I'M TAKING MY DAUGHTER HOME!
QUIET — ON THE AIR!
MUTUAL
THAT KID, ARCHIE MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.. YIPPEE
TUNE IN ON ARCHIE ANDREWS
6:15 P.M. EASTERN WAR TIME
4:15 P.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME
3:15 P.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME
2:15 P.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME
ON WOR MUTUAL

CAPTAIN COMMANDO
and the
BOY SOLDIERS
SPECIAL COMMUNIQUE #15
WE SAW THE ENEMY AND WE WERE CONQUERED. BUT WE ATTAINED OUR OBJECTIVE. IF THIS SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE-TALK IT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW...
FATHER SCARFACE!
SIGNED.-
Captain Commando

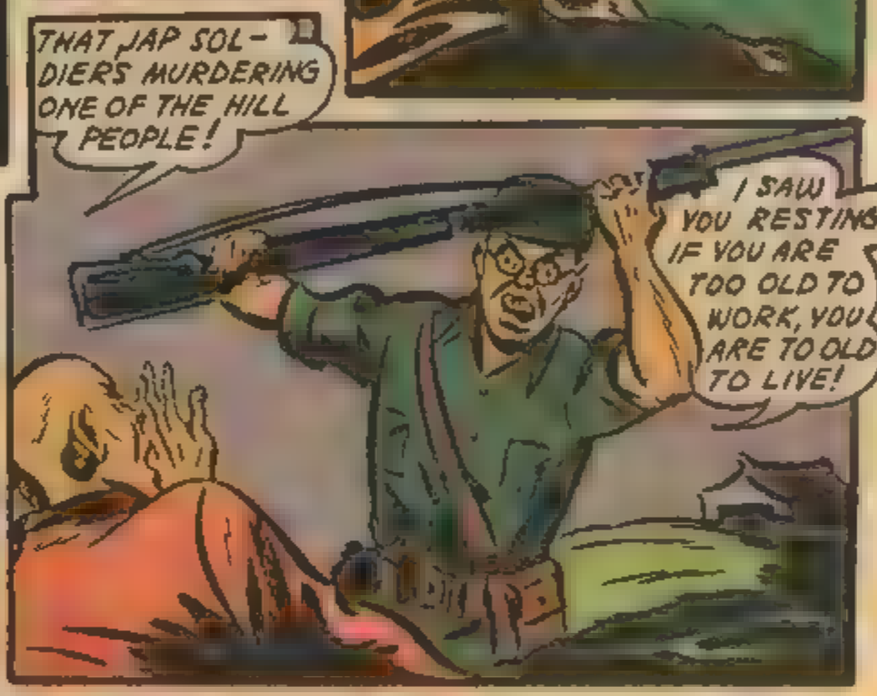
FOUR CENTURIES AGO THE BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES BUILT THE MONASTERY OF LI-PU, AND THEIR WORK HAS ENDURED THROUGH WAR AND PESTILENCE AND FAMINE..
CHIEF OF THE MONASTERY, IS THE STRANGE MAN WHOM THE NATIVES KNOW AS FATHER SCARFACE-
TO THE CHINESE HILLPEOPLE, HE TEACHES THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST LAWS OF PEACE AND MEDITATION ..AND THE PEOPLE LISTEN. FOR THEY KNOW FATHER SCARFACE OF OLD -
THEY KNOW HE WAS ONCE THE FIERCEST TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN IN THE HILLS AND HIS SCARRED FACE IS THE MEMENTO OF SAVAGE FIGHTS, AND RUTHLESS BATTLES. ALL OF WHICH FATHER SCARFACE WOULD RATHER HAVE FORGOTTEN-
FOR HE DESIRED NOTHING MORE THAN TO REMAIN IN PEACE FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS. AND TO FEED THE PIGEONS WHO, LIKE THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY, CAME TO KNOW HIM AS A PROTECTOR AND A FRIEND...
BUT THE WAR CAME TO THE MONASTERY OF LI-PU. THE JAPANESE JUGGERNAUT CRASHED THROUGH THE HILLS, BURNING AND DESTROYING, UNTIL AT LAST THE LITTLE BROWN MEN SWARMED INTO THE PEACEFUL VALLEY -
BANZAI.... YOU ARE NOW PART OF GREATER JAPANESE EMPIRE! FROM NOW ON REBELLION AGAINST US IS TREASON, AND WILL BE PUNISHED WITH DEATH!
WE DESIRE PEACE! LET US NOT SPEAK OF VIOLENCE!

NO MORE SUPPLIES OF WAR MUST GO TO CHINESE BANDITS! THE ROAD IS CLOSED!
I AM GLAD! I WAS GRIEVED TO SEE THE INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH PASS SO NEAR THIS VALLEY!
THESE ARE GOOD WORDS! WE SHALL GET ALONG VERY WELL!
WHY NOT? ARE NOT ALL MEN BROTHERS?
BUT NEWS OF THE JAPANESE VICTORY SOON CAME TO OTHER EARS... TO COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS WHERE TOUGH ALLIED WARRIORS ARE ASSISTING THE CHINESE ARMIES IN THE FIELD--
THE JAPS ARE SITTING ASTRIDE A VITAL SUPPLY ROAD! THEY MUST BE THROWN BACK- AND OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET THE HILL PEOPLE TO HELP US!
THAT SHOULD BE EASY!
I WISH YOU WERE RIGHT! THE HILL PEOPLE ARE CHINESE - BUT THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN FIGHTING! YOUR JOB IS TO ENLIST THEM ON OUR SIDE AS ACTIVE ALLIES!
I WARN YOU! THE HILL PEOPLE ARE FIERCE FIGHTERS WHEN AROUSED - BUT THEY ARE STRONGLY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A BUDDHIST MONK WHO HATES WAR!
I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY PACIFISTS LEFT IN CHINA! WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS MAN!
FATHER SCARFACE!
I BET HE'S A FIRST COUSIN TO FRANKENSTEIN! BUT FACES DON'T SCARE US!


A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE COMMANDOS WING THEIR WAY INTO THE NIGHT-
A JITNEY WILL GET YA A FIVE-SPOT THAT THIS FATHER SCARFACE GUY HAS SOLD OUT TO THE JAPS!
I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE! BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HIM FACE TO FACE!

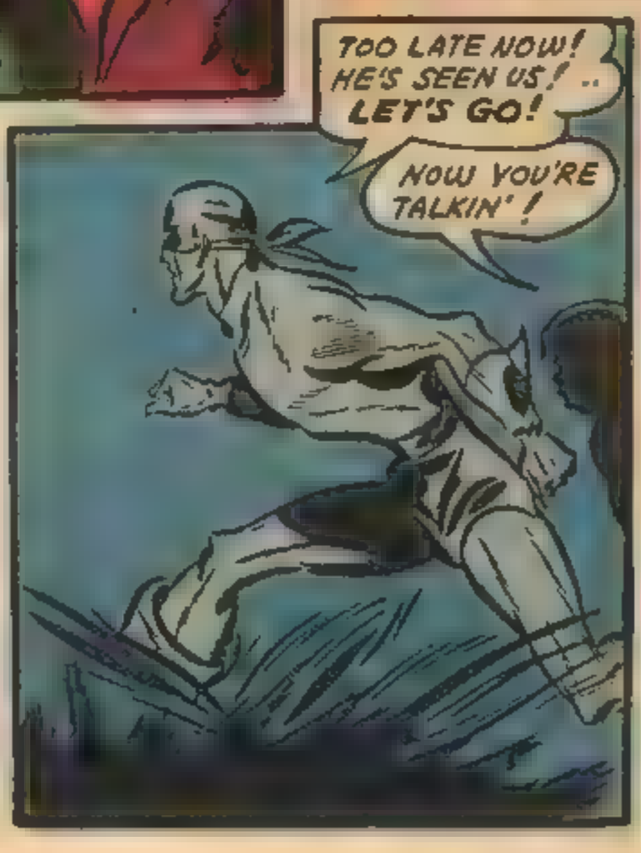

ARRIVING AT THE NEAREST EMERGENCY AIR FIELD, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS PUSH ON TOWARD THE VALLEY OF LI-PU.

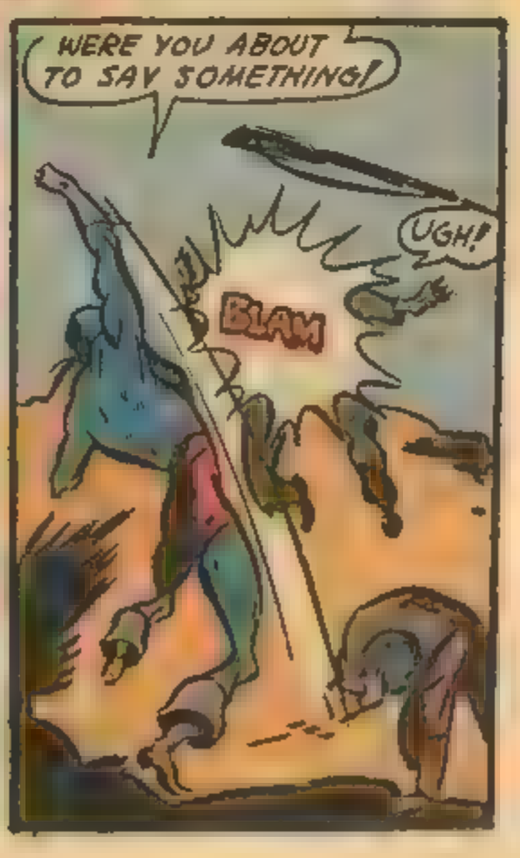
WE'RE IN ENEMY COUNTRY NOW! SO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT- AND DON'T LET THE JAPS SEE US FIRST!


THAT JAP SOLDIERS MURDERING ONE OF THE HILL PEOPLE!
I SAW YOU RESTING! IF YOU ARE TOO OLD TO WORK, YOU ARE TO OLD TO LIVE!

TRAVELING BY NIGHT, HIDING IN WOODS AND RICE FIELDS BY DAY, THE COMMANDOS MAKE THEIR WAY UNTIL -
THERE'S THE MONASTERY NOW!
LOOK OVER THERE, CAPTAIN!

I CAN'T STAND BY AND WATCH! I'M GOING TO STOP HIM!
BILLY! COME BACK!


TOO LATE NOW! HE'S SEEN US! .. LET'S GO!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!


WERE YOU ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING!
UGH!
BLAM

LEMME AT HIM! I'LL PULVERIZE HIM!
TAKE IT EASY! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.. THE COMMANDOS MEN WHO FIGHT FOR CHINA.
WOULD THAT OUR YOUNG MEN FOUGHT AS WELL! IF ONLY.. FATHER SCARFACE..
WE CAME TO FIND HIM! BUT WE MAY HAVE TROUBLE GETTING PAST THE JAP GUARDS!
GO BY THE CREST OF THE HILL! YOU WILL.. FIND. HIM FEEDING HIS PIGEONS BEHIND THE TEMPLE! MAY GOOD FORTUNE ATTEND YOU!
HE'S DEAD!. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE JAP SOLDIER?
HE MET WITH A KIND OF ACCIDEN ..SOMEBODY SAT ON HIS HEAD AND HE DROWNED IN DE MUD! AIN'T IT A PITY?
COME ON! WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIND FATHER SCARFACE!
DAT LOOKS LIKE DE GEEZER-- FEEDIN' PIGEONS!
IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT!

WHO ARE YOU?
FRIENDS... WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I NEED NO MAN'S HELP!
BUT CHINA NEEDS YOUR HELP! YOU CONTROL THE HILL PEOPLE!
YOU MUST MAKE THEM DRIVE THE JAPS FROM THE VALLEY! THAT WILL OPEN THE ROAD TO BADLY NEEDED SUPPLIES FOR CHINA'S ARMIES..
THAT WOULD MEAN WAR!
I HAVE SWORN BY THE IDOL OF BUDDHA THERE WILL BE NO BLOOD SHED! I AM PREPARED TO KEEP MY OATH!
WHA?
YOU ARE AN EVIL MAN! I HAVE SUMMONED MY FRIENDS TO TAKE YOU FROM THE VALLEY!
I TOLD YOU SCARFACE WAS A JAP-LOVER! HE SOLD US OUT
NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT!
BRIEF AND BITTER IS THE FIGHTING...BUT THE COMMANDOS ARE OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS
DO NOT FEAR! I SHALL TELL MY FRIENDS TO LET NO HARM COME TO YOU!
HE CALLS DE JAPS HIS FRIENDS! HE'S A DOITY FIFTH COLUMNIST, DAT'S WHAT HE IS!

A SHORT WHILE LATER THE COMMANDOS ARE LINED UP FOR THE FIRING SQUAD.
I GUESS DIS IS END! MY ONLY REGRET IS DAT WE GOT TOOK IN BY DAT TWO-FACED MONK!
YOU GAVE YOUR PROMISE THEY WOULD NOT BE INJURED! I DEMAND THEY BE RELEASED!
THE FARCE IS OVER, MY DEAR FATHER! YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE!
OUR FORCES ARE NOW SOLIDLY ENTRENCHED IN THESE HILLS! WE ARE THE POWER HERE! AND WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THOSE WHO OPPOSE US!
I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF EXECUTING CAPTAIN COMMANDO MYSELF!
NO!
YOU DARE TO STOP ME? YOU FILTHY CHINESE SWINE!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOU --- YOU AND YOUR IDIOTIC PIGEONS!
HA-HA! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, DEAR FATHER?
YOU MURDERED THEM! INNOCENT BIRDS -- THAT NEVER DID YOU ANY HARM!

A STRANGE LOOK COMES OVER FATHER SCARFACE-A LOOK THAT HARKS BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS THE FIERCEST TRIBAL FIGHTER IN THE HILLS-
YOU'RE NOT EVEN SOLDIERS! YOU'RE MURDERERS IN UNIFORM!
AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO D--AAAAN!
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU THE MERCY YOU DESERVE!
AND NOW..
SHOOT HIM QUICK!
YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO LATE!
AAAIEEE!
YOU KILLED THEM!
YES!-AND I SHALL KEEP ON! TELL YOUR PEOPLE THAT! I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL EVERY ONE OF THEM IS DRIVEN FROM THESE HILLS!
NOW-GO! BEFORE THE OTHERS COME! I WANT TO GET MY HILL PEOPLE READY FOR WAR!
BUT YOU'LL NEED GUNS AND AMMUNITION!
I SHALL MELT DOWN THE BRONZE BUDDHA FOR BULLETS! GUNS WE WILL TAKE FROM THE BODIES OF DEAD JAPANESE AND THE VALLEY SHALL BE OURS!
WHATTA GUY! BUT HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE
YOU'RE WRONG! FATHER SCARFACE WILL BE HERE, LONG AFTER THE PEACE! HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S FIGHTING FOR!

CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Roger Conway

AS PREYSING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a shrill scream, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and sprang nimbly.

He caught Preysing before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"*Any* murder can be called *stoppage of breathing*," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Preysing," murmered Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had so much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Preysing's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Preysing had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip mused a while on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a stealthy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into the blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the doctor floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voices shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, *Herr* Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? What do you mean?"

"Not only a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an agent of Fascist Germany. An agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the failing German war industries. You located Preysing, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending *your* agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's cause. But Preysing tried to double-cross you. He wanted America to win. You knew he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to fix his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his decayed molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Preysing's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

A siren wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

The BLACK HOOD
THE HOUSE THAT CRIME BUILT

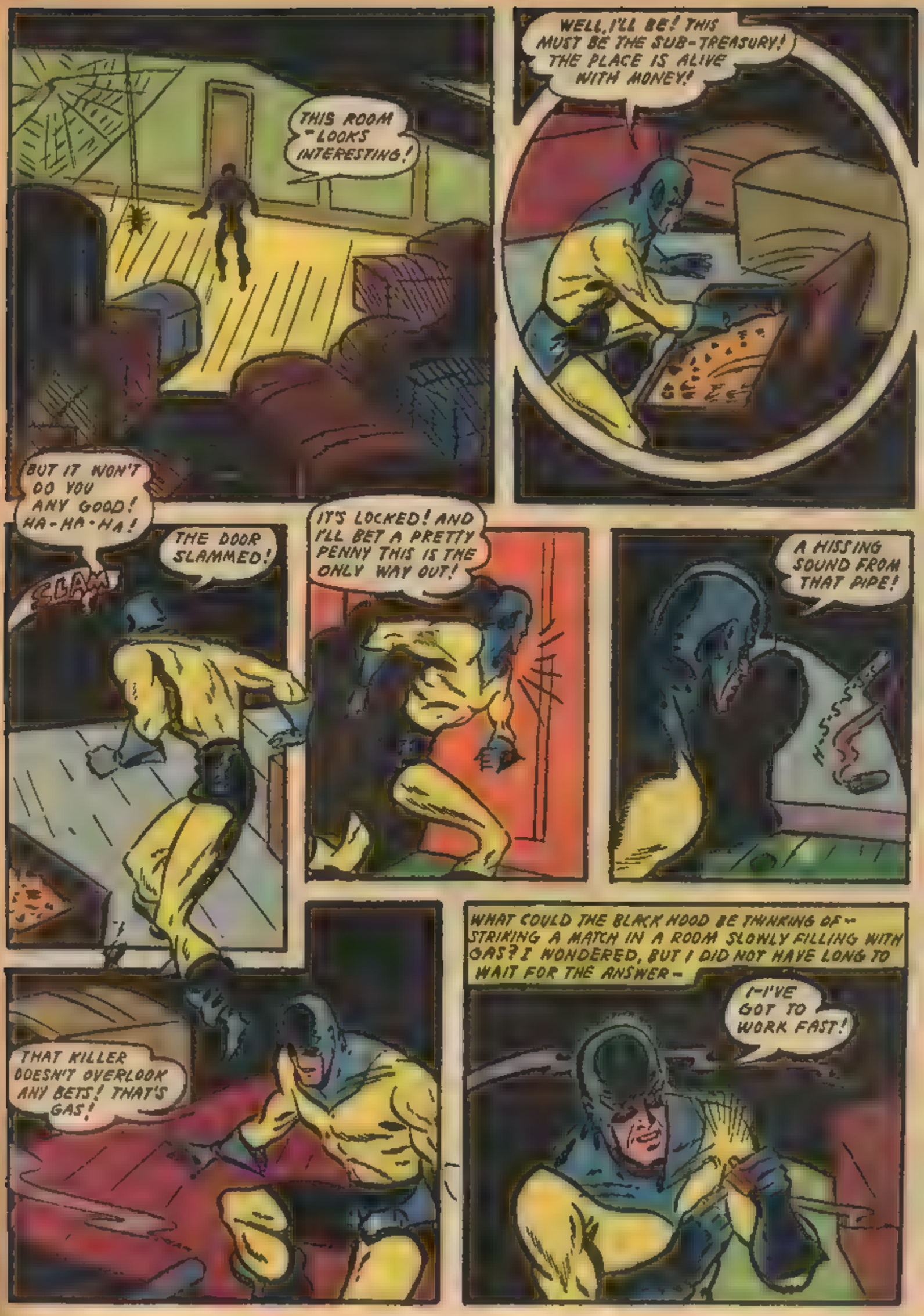
I AM THE HOUSE THAT CRIME BUILT. MY HISTORY IS OLD, OLDER THAN YOU KNOW. IT BEGINS IN THE DARKNESS OF ONE EVENING IN THE AUTUMN OF 1821.
I WAS JUST BEING BUILT, AND MY STURDY FOUNDATIONS HAD NOT BEEN LAID AS YET FOR GOOD OR EVIL -
THIS HOUSE WILL LAST MARTHA AND I FOR MANY YEARS TO COME!
MARTHA WON'T MARRY YOU! SHE CAN'T MARRY A DEAD MAN!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ..... AAARGH!
I'VE LOVED MARTHA FOR YEARS--AND I WON'T LET YOU TAKE HER FROM ME!
SO THE DEED WAS DONE. WITH MY BRICKS AND MORTAR AND TIMBER, VIOLENCE AND MURDER WERE INDIVISIBLY UNITED -
NOT LONG AFTER, THE MURDERER MARRIED THE DEAD MAN'S BETROTHED, AND BROUGHT HER TO LIVE BENEATH MY ROOF -
WE'LL BE HAPPY HERE! I PROMISE YOU!
AND THAT NIGHT...
YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED THE MAN I LOVED!
SO THE CYCLE OF MURDER CAME TO AN END. BUT NOT FOR LONG --

HERE'S TO CRIME, MY GIRL! I'VE MADE ENOUGH FROM LOOTING THE REBEL ARMIES TO KEEP US BOTH IN FURS AND JEWELS FOR LIFE!
FOOL! THAT MONEY WILL BE ALL MINE NOW— AND IT COST ME ONLY A LITTLE POISON!
ERIC! NO! NO!
YOU FORCED ME TO BETRAY MY CAUSE! YOU WON'T DECEIVE ANY MAN AGAIN!
BANG
BANG
YOU SEE THE TREE IN MY FRONT LAWN? THAT'S WHERE THEY HUNG HIM... FOR HER MURDER. THEN IT WAS THAT I BECAME KNOWN AS THE HOUSE THAT CRIME BUILT. FOR ALL WHO STAYED BENEATH MY ROOF, DIED BY VIOLENCE-
UNTIL AT LAST-
WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME, MR. HAWKINS!
THANK YOU, FREEVES! UNCLE DOUGLAS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU!
ISN'T THAT A PORTRAIT OF UNCLE DOUGLAS?
YES, SIR! HE'S BEEN DEAD ALMOST A YEAR NOW!

THEY SAY HE WAS A WICKED OLD MISER! THE POLICE WERE LOOKING FOR HIM AT THE VERY MOMENT HE WAS MURDERED!
YES, SIR! AND THEY'VE NEVER FOUND WHO KILLED HIM EITHER!
JOHN THERE'S SOMETHING FRIGHTENING ABOUT THIS HOUSE!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TALKING OF MURDER TO YOU, MARY! I WON'T AGAIN!
BUT IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE JOHN HAWKINS HAD PROOF OF THE EVIL SPIRIT THAT RULED ME-
MARY! WHERE ARE YOU?
FREEVES DOESN'T ANSWER EITHER! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO EVERYONE?
MARY
HELLO!... GIVE ME THE POLICE! MY WIFE'S BEEN MURDERED!
PRECINCT 71 GETS THE EMERGENCY CALL-
A WOMAN'S BEEN MURDERED AT 41 ELM LANE! STEP ON IT, BURLAND!

JUST WATCH HOW I HANDLE THIS CASE, BURLAND, AND YOU'LL LEARN HOW TO BE A GOOD DETECTIVE!
I'LL NEVER TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU, SARGE!
E-E-E-E-E
SO, THEY CAME TO ME AND STOOD IN THE ROOMS, SEEKING THE ANSWER TO SECRETS THAT ONLY I KNEW...
SO YOU DIDN'T HEAR YOUR WIFE SCREAM?
NO! I HEARD NOTHING!
I'LL QUESTION YOU LATER! NOW TELL ME WHERE YOU LEFT THE CORPSE?
SHE'S-- SHE'S UPSTAIRS!
HE HAD A GUILTY LOOK! I'LL BET HE MURDERED HIS WIFE!
HAVE YOU SOLVED THIS CASE ALREADY?
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BODY?
MUST HAVE BEEN HERE A WHILE AGO! THIS LOOKS LIKE BLOOD!
SO HE KIDNAPPED THE CORPSE TOO?!
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH.. WHA... HEY!

OWOOO
WHAM
DAGNABBIT! THAT SETTLES IT!... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
AFTER McGINTY HAD LEFT, WITH HIS PRISONER---
LEAVE IT TO McGINTY TO MAKE AN ARREST BEFORE HE'S EVEN FOUND A VICTIM!
I DECIDED TO PLAY ONE OF MY MANY TRICKS ON THE PATROLMAN WHO REMAINED--
I WONDER WHERE THE BODY COULD HAVE DISAPPEARED!
C-CREAK
WELL, I'LL BE! A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL!
LOOKING BACK, I REALIZE THAT IT WAS A MISTAKE. BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE WAS THE BLACK HOOD?
THIS PLACE WILL STAND SOME INVESTIGATING!

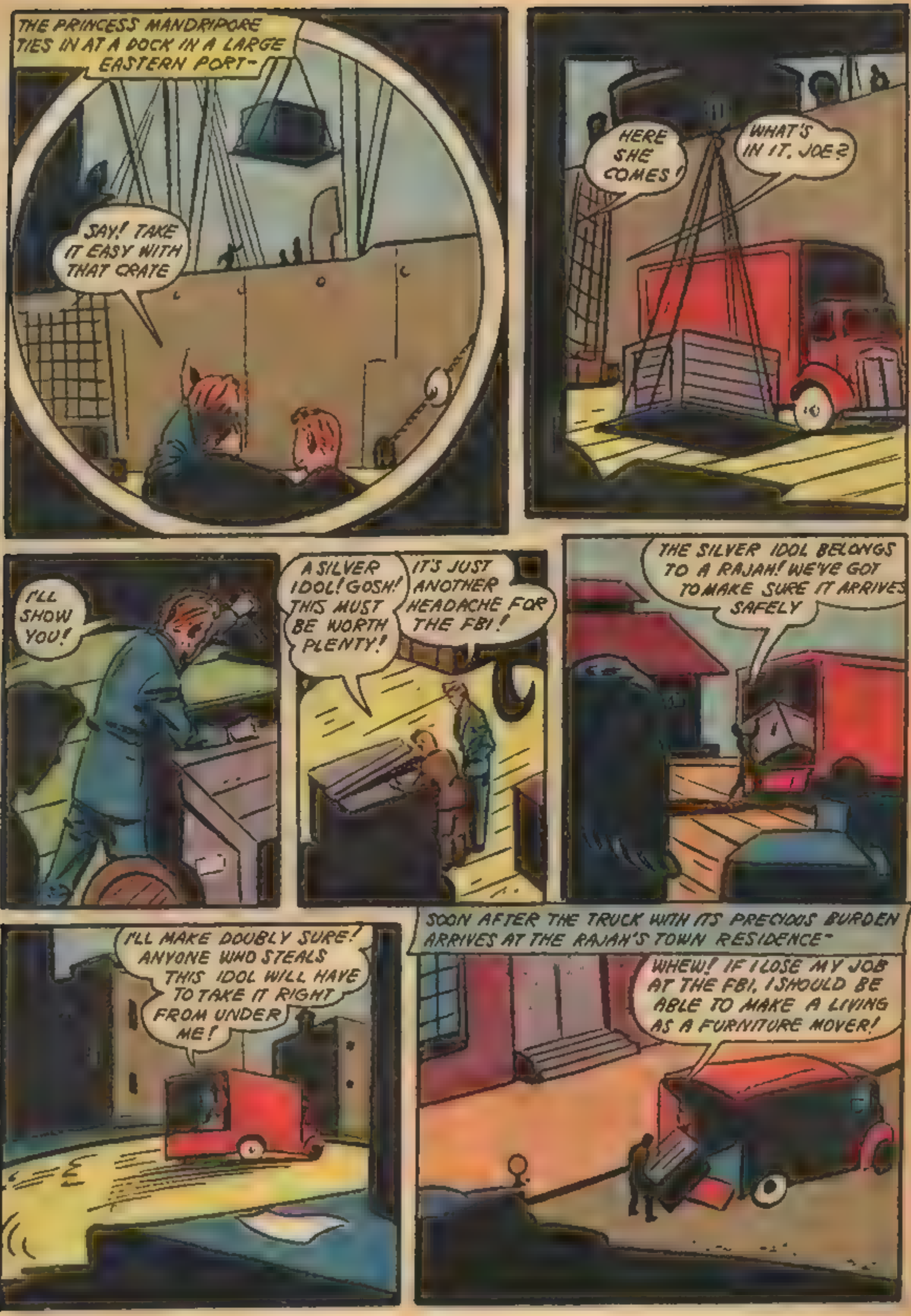

THIS ROOM - LOOKS INTERESTING!
WELL, I'LL BE! THIS MUST BE THE SUB-TREASURY! THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH MONEY!
BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! HA-HA-HA!
SLAM
THE DOOR SLAMMED!
IT'S LOCKED! AND I'LL BET A PRETTY PENNY THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT!
A HISSING SOUND FROM THAT PIPE!
SSSSS
THAT KILLER DOESN'T OVERLOOK ANY BETS! THAT'S GAS!
WHAT COULD THE BLACK HOOD BE THINKING OF -- STRIKING A MATCH IN A ROOM SLOWLY FILLING WITH GAS? I WONDERED, BUT I DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR THE ANSWER -
I-I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

CAREFULLY, THE BLACK HOOD HELD THE LIGHTED MATCH BENEATH THE GAS NOZZLE, AND SUDDENLY A BRIGHT BLUE FLAME SPURTED OUT..
I THOUGHT SO!
THAT WAS CARBON MONOXIDE GAS--ODORLESS AND TASTELESS! IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IN A FEW SECONDS! BY LIGHTING IT, IT BECAME CARBON DIOXIDE, AND AS LONG AS I CAN GET SOME AIR, I WON'T SUFFOCATE!
THANKS! IT WAS GETTING STUFFY IN THERE!
I WATCHED THE CHASE AND I WAS AMUSED WHAT MATTERED TO ME WHO WON?
SO THE BLACK HOOD OUTWITTED ME FOR A WHILE BUT THE FOOL WHO WAS MY INSTRUMENT RETURNED!
HE'S DEAD BY NOW! I'LL REMOVE HIS BODY TO A SAFER PLACE!
WHAT TH-
YOU DEVIL! YOU WON'T GET ME!
HE WAS A QUICK ONE--THE BLACK HOOD! IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO RUN HIS QUARRY TO THE GROUND!
COME OUT OF THERE! WHA?
IT'S FREEVES, THE BUTLER! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!
YOU'RE WRONG! THAT IS NOT FREEVES!

THAT WAS UNCLE DOUGLAS! HE MURDERED THE REAL FREEVES AND IDENTIFIED THE BODY AS HIS OWN! IT WAS A SIMPLE RUSE, TO STOP POLICE INVESTIGATION OF HOW HE ACQUIRED HIS WEALTH!
HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS? WHO ARE YOU?
I AM MARY HAWKINS!
BUT-BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE MURDERED TOO!
I FOUND UNCLE DOUGLAS' CRIMINAL CACHE IN THE STORE-ROOM! BUT HE DISCOVERED ME-AND I HAD TO KILL HIM! THEN I NEEDED AN EXCUSE FOR MY DISAPPEARANCE TOO!
SO YOU FAKED YOUR OWN MURDER!
THERE WILL BE NOTHING FAKE ABOUT YOUR DEATH, HOOD!
BANG!
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
LET GO OF ME!
I'LL GIVE YOU MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR!
YOU SHE-CAT!
CRASH!
THIS WHOLE PLACE IS GOING UP IN FLAMES!

I'D BETTER GET OUT WHILE THERE'S TIME!
BUT I HAD ONE LAST TRICK LEFT, AND MARY HAWKINS WAS THE VICTIM I CHOSE..
THE DOOR WON'T BUDGE! AND I CAN'T GO BACK!
HELP! HELP!
SHE DIDN'T GET OUT! THAT MEANS SHE'LL NEVER GET OUT NOW! THE HOUSE IS DOOMED!
HE WAS RIGHT, OF COURSE. NOTHING COULD QUENCH THE FLAMES THAT DESTROYED ME... AND THE WORK THAT BEGAN IN 1821 WAS NEARING ITS END...
I'VE HAD A LONG LIFE, AND NO REGRETS PERHAPS I HAVE BEEN AN EVIL HOUSE, BUT NO MORE WICKED THAN MY MASTERS. AND NOW I'M READY TO LIE DOWN AND REST
I'M TIRED - SO VERY, VERY TIRED. FAREWELL
END—

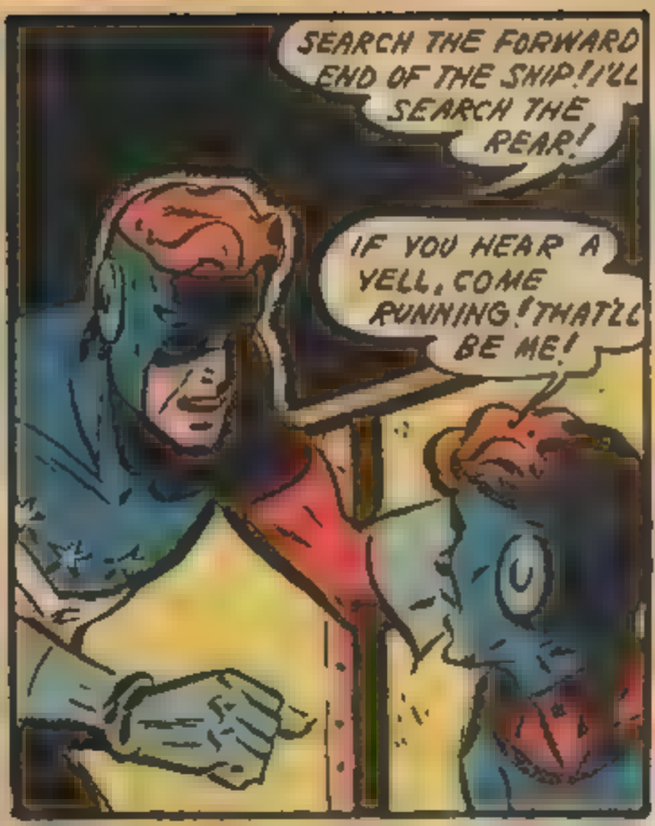
THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVES
THE SHIELD AND DUSTY
IN THE MYSTERY OF :-
The RAJAH'S
SILVER IDOL
BY CLEM
&
TED


THE PRINCESS MANDRIPORE TIES IN AT A DOCK IN A LARGE EASTERN PORT-
SAY! TAKE IT EASY WITH THAT CRATE
HERE SHE COMES!
WHAT'S IN IT, JOE?
I'LL SHOW YOU!
A SILVER IDOL! GOSH! THIS MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!
IT'S JUST ANOTHER HEADACHE FOR THE FBI!
THE SILVER IDOL BELONGS TO A RAJAH! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT ARRIVES SAFELY
I'LL MAKE DOUBLY SURE! ANYONE WHO STEALS THIS IDOL WILL HAVE TO TAKE IT RIGHT FROM UNDER ME!
SOON AFTER THE TRUCK WITH ITS PRECIOUS BURDEN ARRIVES AT THE RAJAH'S TOWN RESIDENCE-
WHEW! IF I LOSE MY JOB AT THE FBI, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE A LIVING AS A FURNITURE MOVER!

I'VE GOT A PACKAGE FOR THE RAJAH!
THE IDOL? HIS EXCELLENCY WILL BE MOST PLEASED!
AH, YES! MY LOVELY SILVER IDOL! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT!
YOU'RE SURE NO HARM HAS COME TO IT? IS IT SCRATCHED OR CHIPPED?
NO! I'LL SHOW YOU IT'S OKAY!
SEE? IT'S IT'S.
GONE!
YOU FOOL! YOU IMBECILE! YOU'VE LOST MY SILVER IDOL!
BUT-BUT I WAS SITTING ON TOP OF IT ALL THE WAY! IT CAN'T BE LOST!
YOU WILL FIND MY IDOL! OR I WILL MAKE YOUR GOVERNMENT PAY!
LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE FBI CHIEF-
THE RAJAH IS A POLITICAL HOT POTATO! WE'D BETTER FIND HIS SILVER IDOL FOR HIM- OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT WAS STOLEN! BUT I PROMISE YOU I'LL FIND OUT!

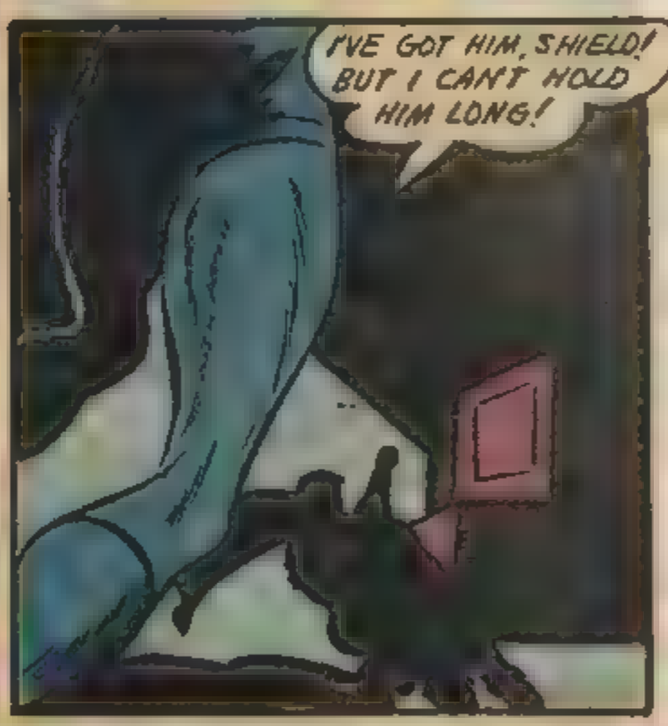
JOE HIGGINS AND HIS BOY PAL BECOME THE SHIELD AND DUSTY-
OUR FIRST STOP WILL BE THE CARGO SHIP, PRINCESS MADRIPORE!
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AROUND! LET'S GO ABOARD!
BUT THERE'S NO GANG-PLANK!
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BOARD A SHIP!
IT'S THE CAPTAIN!
AIE-E-E-E
HEY! WHAT'S THAT!
ANYTHING WRONG, CAPTAIN?
I--I
HE'S BEEN KNIFED!
AAAH AAAH
HE'S DEAD!
GOLLY! THE MURDERER IS STILL SOMEWHERE ABOARD THIS SHIP!

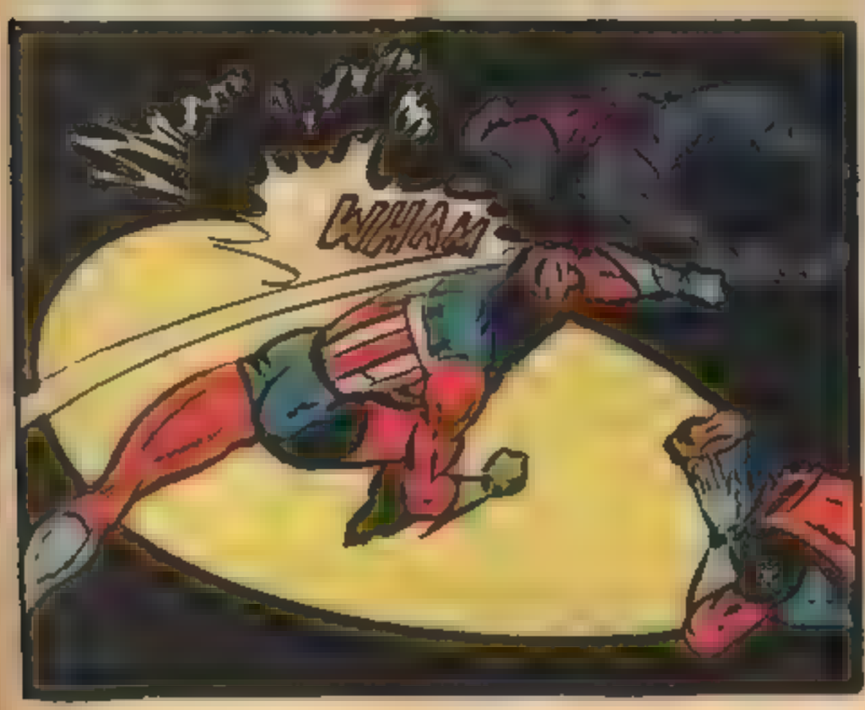
COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO FIND HIM!
I JUST HOPE HE DOESN'T FIND US!

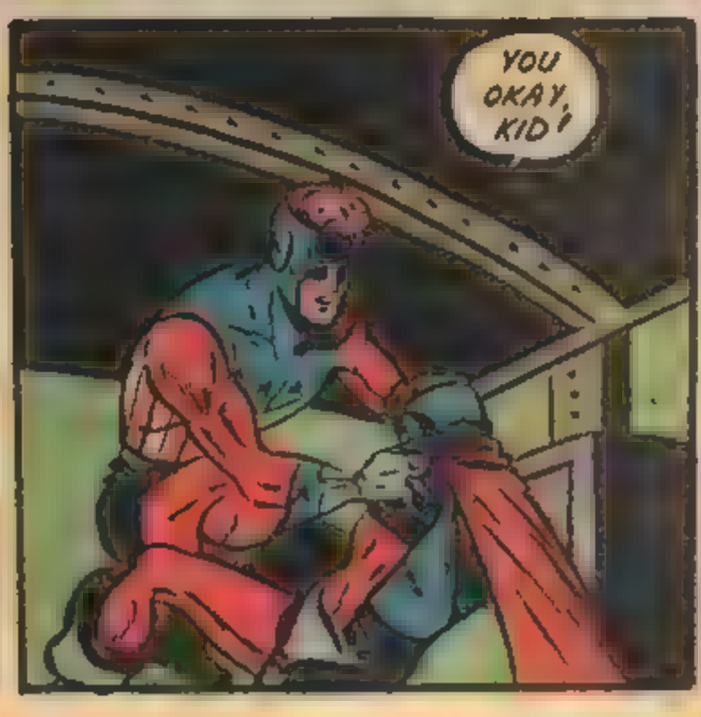

SEARCH THE FORWARD END OF THE SHIP! I'LL SEARCH THE REAR!
IF YOU HEAR A YELL, COME RUNNING! THAT'LL BE ME!

SILLY KID! HE ACTS AS IF HE'S REALLY SCARED!

SHIELD! HELP! YAAAA
WHAT TH !


I'VE GOT HIM, SHIELD! BUT I CAN'T HOLD HIM LONG!


WHAM


YOU OKAY, KID?

SHIELD! LOOK OUT!
THERE HE GOES!
SAVE YOUR BREATH, MY KNIFE THROWING FRIEND! YOU WON'T GET AWAY!
OOF!
I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!
ASK HIM WHAT HE'S DOING HERE!
I HOPE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH! BECAUSE I'D LIKE TO TALK BARE KNUCKLE LANGUAGE TO YOU AGAIN!
NO PLEASE. I TELL EVERY-THING!
I AM A STOWAWAY ON THIS SHIP! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AFTER ME! I DID NOT MEAN TO KILL YOU!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE RAJAH'S IDOL?

AT THE MENTION OF THE RAJAH'S NAME, THE NATIVE'S FACE TWISTS WITH RAGE AND HATE-

RAJAH HE GROW FAT FROM MISERY OF MY PEOPLE! THEY STARVE SO HE HAS SILVER IDOL AND EVERY-THING HE DESIRES!

"MANY TIMES I HAVE SEEN HIM, IN HIS GREAT PALACE, TAKE THE MONTHLY TRIBUTE OF COINS FROM MY POOR PEOPLE."

ACCEPT OUR HUMBLE OFFER-ING, O RAJAH!

PALTRY! HARDLY ENOUGH COINS THERE TO BUY ME THE GOLDEN BATHTUB I DESIRE!

"THE POOR BEGGARS DIED OF HUNGER OUTSIDE HIS TREASURY BUILDING, WHERE HE HAD STORED ENOUGH WEALTH TO FEED THE WHOLE VILLAGE-

ALMS! ALMS! IN THE NAME OF ALLAH!

"WHEN THE GREAT PLAGUE STRUCK OUR VILLAGE, THE RAJAH DECIDED TO FLEE WITH THE MONEY THAT WAS NEEDED TO BUY MEDICINE AND SUPPLIES FOR THE SICK

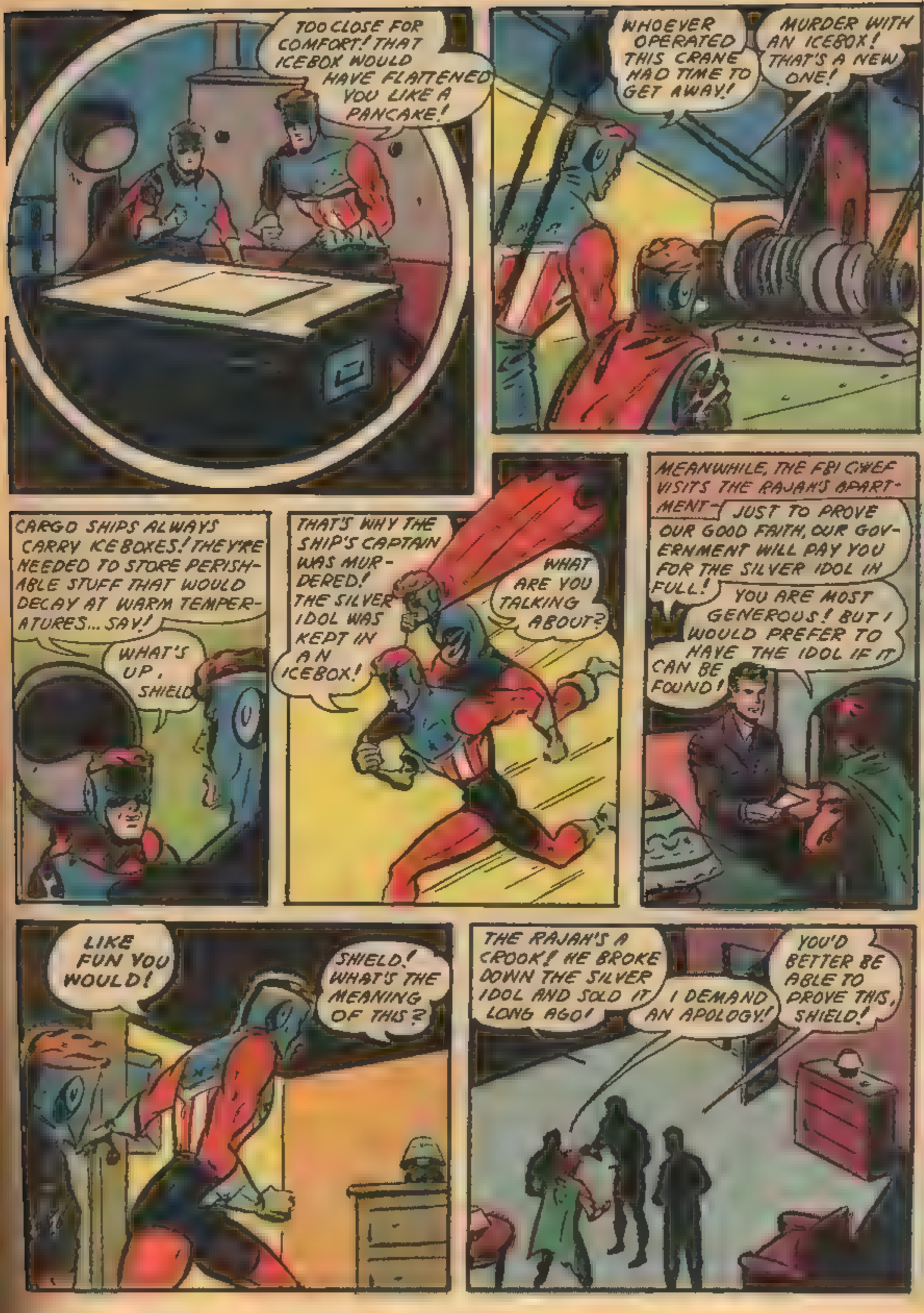
HASTEN, FOOLS! WE MUST DEPART BEFORE THE PLAGUE STRIKES ME TOO!

"BUT MY PEOPLE WERE MADDENED BY FEAR AND SICKNESS. THEY STORMED INTO THE RAJAH'S PALACE, AND THE GUARDS WERE POWERLESS TO STOP THEM-

"THE RAJAH ESCAPED UNDER COVER OF NIGHT. AND HE TOOK THE SILVER IDOL WITH HIM-IT WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF HIS VAST TREASURES

STUPID NATIVES! THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IF I HAD STAYED!

I FOLLOWED THE RAJAH! I HOPED TO GET BACK THE SILVER IDOL BEFORE HE REACHED AMERICA! AND THEN I DISCOVERED THAT!..
THAT. THE.. SILVER IDOL. AAGHHHH!
GO ON! WHAT IS IT?
GOOD GLORY! HE'S BEEN KNIFED!
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE THROWN THE KNIFE THROUGH THAT DOOR!
LET'S GO!
I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF HIM!
DUSTY! LOOK OUT!
WHAM


TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! THAT ICEBOX WOULD HAVE FLATTENED YOU LIKE A PANCAKE!
WHOEVER OPERATED THIS CRANE HAD TIME TO GET AWAY!
MURDER WITH AN ICEBOX! THAT'S A NEW ONE!
CARGO SHIPS ALWAYS CARRY ICEBOXES! THEY'RE NEEDED TO STORE PERISHABLE STUFF THAT WOULD DECAY AT WARM TEMPERATURES... SAY!
WHAT'S UP, SHIELD
THAT'S WHY THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN WAS MURDERED! THE SILVER IDOL WAS KEPT IN AN ICEBOX!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
MEANWHILE, THE FBI CHIEF VISITS THE RAJAH'S APARTMENT—
JUST TO PROVE OUR GOOD FAITH, OUR GOVERNMENT WILL PAY YOU FOR THE SILVER IDOL IN FULL!
YOU ARE MOST GENEROUS! BUT I WOULD PREFER TO HAVE THE IDOL IF IT CAN BE FOUND!
LIKE FUN YOU WOULD!
SHIELD! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
THE RAJAH'S A CROOK! HE BROKE DOWN THE SILVER IDOL AND SOLD IT LONG AGO!
I DEMAND AN APOLOGY!
YOU'D BETTER BE ABLE TO PROVE THIS, SHIELD!

YOU PACKED THAT SILVER IDOL INTO THAT CRATE YOURSELF!
I THOUGHT I DID! THE IDOL I SAW WAS ACTUALLY MADE OF FROZEN MERCURY! IT MELTED AS SOON AS IT WAS TAKEN FROM THE ICEBOX ABOARD THE CARGO SHIP!
AHMED! KILL THEM!
BANG!
AND THIS IS FOR HIRING AHMED TO DROP THAT ICEBOX ON ME!
SO THE RAJAH WAS TRYING TO COLLECT ON A FAKE IDOL! TWO MEN FOUND OUT IT WAS A FAKE! THE RAJAH HAD AHMED MURDER THEM BOTH! BUT HIS SCHEME DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT!
LATER IN JOE HIGGINS' APARTMENT—
JOE! I'M HUNGRY! WHAT'VE WE GOT TO EAT?
I DON'T KNOW! THERE MAY BE SOMETHING IN THE ICEBOX!
? ?
NEVER MIND THE ICEBOX! I'M EATING OUT!
END

AMERICA—FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

KIP BURLAND was walking down the city's largest street with Paul Smith, a young soldier friend of his, when it happened It was pretty unexpected

Paul was in the city on furlough, and Kip had been showing him a good time They had just come out of a theatre.

As they walked down the wide thoroughfare, men in the armed forces from every Allied nation passed them. Soldiers; sailors; marines; enlisted men and officers. There was friendliness in the air Once a Private Paul knew from back in camp passed and yelled, "Hello, mister," at him. Paul was enjoying himself hugely, and Kip felt that he had made the evening a success

And then it happened one of those little things which can so effectively spoil an evening. A hand snatched roughly at Paul Smith's shoulder, and a cold voice said, "Come here, you!"

Paul turned surprised eyes upward and the smile faded from his face The man who was addressing him was an Army Captain, and he seemed pretty angry about something

The Captain was a man of medium height, but he was so thin that he seemed much taller. He had a scar running along his right cheek. "You!" he said to Smith. "How would you like to be kicked right down to a Private's rank?"

Paul's face was white. "I—I don't understand," he stammered. "What have I done, sir?"

The Captain ran cold eyes up and down Paul's uniform. "Is that the way for an officer to dress?"

Paul traced nervous fingers along his uniform, making sure everything was right. "I—I don't see anything wrong with my uniform, sir," he ventured, after a moment.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said the Captain, his voice sarcastic. "Look," he said, with gentle wrath. "You're an officer, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, sir," said Paul.

"Then what do you mean," said the Captain, "by wearing an officer's uniform, with spread-eagle on your hat and all and not wearing rank bars on your shoulders?"

Paul goggled Shocked amazement was on his features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Captain's harsh voice rode right over him.

"And another thing," said the Captain, "I heard a Private address you a few minutes ago with the term, 'Mister.' Why didn't you chastise him for not calling you, 'Sir?'"

Again Paul started to splutter into speech, and again the Captain overrode him. "I'm going to let it pass this time," said the Captain. "I'm going to give you a break. But if I ever catch you in a misdemeanor, sir, I'll break you! You hear me I'll break you!" He turned on his heels, walked a few steps, and entered a doorway.

Paul stared dazedly after him, but Kip put an arm on his shoulder. "Let it go, Paul," he said.

Paul turned back to Kip. "B-but, Kip, I——"

"Let it go," said Kip, again. "Why spoil our evening?" He took Paul's arm, and half-dragged the young soldier along with him. He walked about a block, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "How did you like that?" he said. "I've just remembered that I had an appointment with some business friends." He turned apologetically to Paul. "Say, Paul, will you scram back to my house and wait for me? I'll get rid of this appointment in a hurry, and meet you later."

"Okay," said Paul, dubiously. He was still thinking about the Captain incident.

Kip waited until Paul was out of sight, and then raced quickly back to the doorway through which the Captain had entered. In the sheltered darkness, he removed his outer clothing and emerged as The Black Hood.

He raced up the stairs. Through a door he heard voices . . . voices talking in German. Without wasting a moment, he slammed right through the door.

Inside, three men in Nazi uniforms were grouped tightly around the Captain. They looked up, astonished, as The Black Hood burst in on them.

"What's this?" said the Captain hoarsely.

"I'll tell you what this is," said The Black Hood. "I was watching you bullying that young officer in the street a few minutes ago—and I knew that you were a phony. You're no Captain—at least, not in the American Army!"

Silence filled the room.

"You think we are pretty dumb, don't you, Nazi?" said The Black Hood "But you're the dumb one! I take it that you were going to try some sabotage in that officer's uniform. It's pretty easy to get hold of a uniform—and you felt so confident in yours that you thought you'd have a little fun and bawl out a real officer who you thought was dressing and acting wrongly."

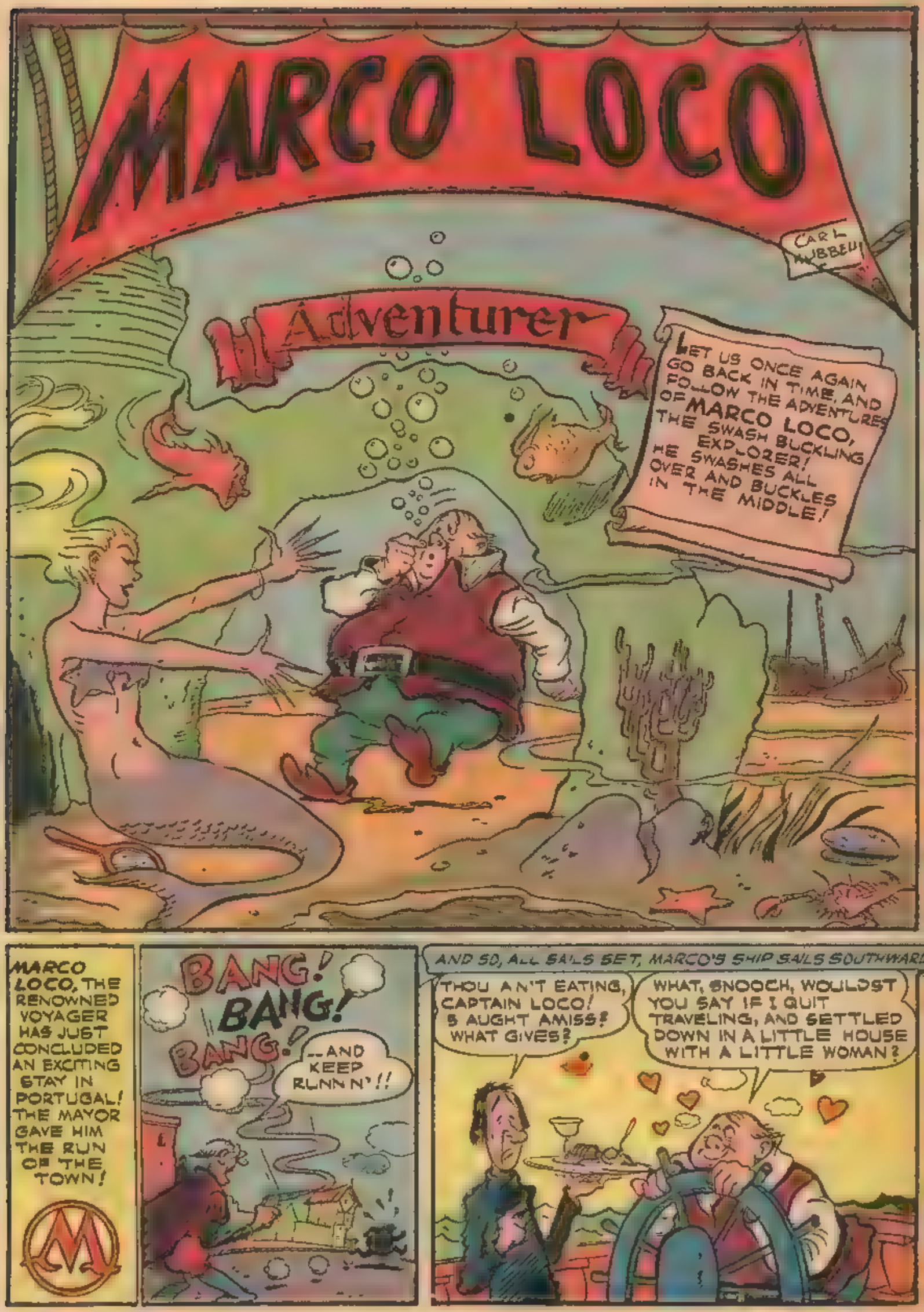
The fake Captain's beady eyes watched The Hood as he spoke.

"You fool," said The Hood, "didn't you know that there's one kind of officer in the Army who wears no rank bars on his shoulder—and who is addressed by all other soldiers—not as, 'Sir,' but as 'Mister'? That young officer you talked to is a *warrant officer*, which is a special category, and he was dressed and acting with perfect correctness."

The fake Captain's scar glowed redly on his face. "All right, men," he said in German. "Get the pig!"

The Nazis leaped forward, but The Hood went into action at the same time. His fists moved with lightning rapidity, and within five minutes his opponents were out of the running.

The phony Captain won't have long to mourn over his mistake. Three weeks from today, he dies before a firing squad.


MARCO LOCO
CARL HUBBELL
Adventurer
LET US ONCE AGAIN GO BACK IN TIME, AND FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO LOCO, THE SWASH BUCKLING EXPLORER! HE SWASHES ALL OVER AND BUCKLES IN THE MIDDLE!
MARCO LOCO, THE RENOWNED VOYAGER HAS JUST CONCLUDED AN EXCITING STAY IN PORTUGAL! THE MAYOR GAVE HIM THE RUN OF THE TOWN!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
...AND KEEP RUNN'N'!!
AND SO, ALL SAILS SET, MARCO'S SHIP SAILS SOUTHWARD.
THOU AN'T EATING, CAPTAIN LOCO! S AUGHT AMISS? WHAT GIVES?
WHAT, SNOOCH, WOULDST YOU SAY IF I QUIT TRAVELING, AND SETTLED DOWN IN A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A LITTLE WOMAN?

ARE YOU KIDDING? GET MARRIED WITH A FACE LIKE THAT? HAW!
OH, I DON'T KNOW! IT'S THE FACE OF A MAN WHO HAS LIVED! A..A WORDLY FACE!
THAT IT IS! ESPECIALLY, WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE SHAPE THE WORLD IS IN!
HM... NO! LAND AHEAD!
WE'LL GO ASHORE FOR PROVISIONS! DROP ANCHOR!
LET 'ER GO!
HEAVE AWAY, LADS! ONE.. TWO..
THREE! WHOOIE! THAT THING MUST WEIGH A TON!
SPLOP!
ZUNK!
SAINTS PRESERVE US!
WHO THREW THAT PILE OF JUNK AT ME?
YOUR PARDON MATE! WHAT YOJ DOING THERE?
I'A A PEARL DIVER, AS IF IT'S ANY OF YOUR BEESWAX!
WHILE THE CREW IS BUSY CHATTING WITH THE DIVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP..
WELCOME TO GAZUND ISLAND!
OGGA WOGGA SISS BOOM BAH!
SSS BOOM BAH!
WE ARE UNDONE!

SEE HERE MY MAN! WHO ARE YOU TO COME BUSTING IN HERE?
WE ARE THE GAZUNDITES OF GAZUND ISLAND! FATSO! AND WE NEED A COMPETENT DIVER TO RID OUR WATERS OF A HORRIBLE MAN-EATING SHARK!
HE HAS BEEN RETARDING OUR PEARL FISHING NO END! EATING UP THE PROFITS, SO TO SPEAK!... WHO'S THAT SNEAKING AWAY?
GULP! I'M THE SH-SHIP'S DIVER!
YOU TAKUM FEET! ME TAKUM HEAD! WE THROWUM OVERBOARD!
SPLASH
UGH!
WHAT IS MATTER?
WE STILL GOTTUM HEAD!
MOST REGRETTABLE! WELL, WE SHALL SIMPLY HAVE TO TOSS IN ANOTHER MAN!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO MY CREW! I'LL GO!
LEND ME A KNIFE, SOMEBODY! SNOOCH YOU STAND BY TO PULL ME UP BY THIS ROPE! DON'T FAIL ME!
REMEMBER, SNOOCH, I'M COUNTING ON YOU!
RIGHT! NICE FORM, ADMIRAL!
EGAD! LOOK!
?
?
?

?
SNAP!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS! SNOOCH IS IN THE TOILS OF A MONSTROUS CLAM!..
UGH!
MMMFFF!
OOG!
ODS BODKINS!! I HAVE IT!
SNUFF
AHHHHHHHHH

ALACK! POOR MARCO! POOR SNOOCH!
AYE! I FEAR THEY ARE DEAD DUCKS!
PUFF.. PUFF.. IT WAS QUITE A STRUGGLE, BUT WE GOT HIM!
NAHTHIN' TO IT!
INVITED ASHORE FOR A FRIED SHARK DINNER BY THE GRATEFUL GAZUNDITES, THE CREW PASSES THE TIME SIGHTSEEING! WE VISIT THE ZOO..
ZOO
MARCO ROAMS ABOUT THE VILLAGE! IN ONE OF THE HUTS..
HMM...INGENIOUS! SOME FORM OF EXOTIC SCULPTURE, NO DOUBT!
GAD ZOOKS!
NO, MARCO! THE GAZUNDITES ARE HEADHUNTERS!
EXTRAORDINARY! MY OLD FRIEND, SHAEMAS O'GOGGIN! THE ITINERANT IRISHMAN! HE ALWAYS WAS ONE FOR HAVING HIS LIKENESS DONE!
I NEVER KNEW, HE'D BEEN HERE! I WONDER WHERE SHAEMAS IS THESE DAYS!
I'VE JUST BEEN EXAMINING THE JOLLY LITTLE HEADS IN THERE, CHIEF! YOU PEOPLE MAKE THOSE?
YAS, SOME LITTLE THINGS, WE DASHED OFF.. ER.. DASHED OFF!
I'M SO HAPPY YOU ENJOY THEM! YOU CARE FOR ONE?
WHY YES, I'D LOVE TO HAVE ONE!
OF.. AH.. ANYONE IN PARTICULAR?
HOW ABOUT ONE OF ME?
THE GUY'S NUTS!
ON THE CONTRARY, I'D BE VERY PROUD OF IT! I'LL SHOW IT TO ALL MY FRIENDS!
? ? ? JUST AS YOU SAY!
LATER..
HEY, MAN, YOU WANTUM HEAD?
AH, YOU MUST BE THE ARTIST! YOU HAVE THAT ARTISTIC LOOK! SHALL WE COMMENCE?

PUTTUM HEAD ON BLOCK, PLEASE!
FOR. ER. SIZE?
GULP!
HOLDUM POSE!
KONK
FORSOOTH, SNOOCH! WHAT'S THE IDEA? HE WAS GOING TO MAKE A BUST OF ME!
YOU MEAN, HE WAS GOING TO BUST YOU ONE, WITH THAT CLEAVER, MR. LOCO!
'SBLOOD! I SEE IT ALL, NOW!
WHAT'S THE DELAY? YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD YOUR HEAD BY NOW!
E. I CHANGED MY MIND! SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS!
WELL, YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING AS A REWARD! AH, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO GET MARRIED! I HAVE JUST THE GIRL FOR YOU!
OH, DAFFODIL!
YEAH!
OUCH!
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! TO THE BOAT, MEN!
I WOULDN'T MIND A GOOD LOOKING WENCH! BUT THAT DAME! WHOo...
CAN'T SAY, I BLAME YOU, REALLY!
FUNNY! I THOUGHT I HAD A MAN FOR YOU, SEÑORITA! BUT JUST AS I WAS GOING TO SEND FOR YOU, HE BOLTED! I PROMISED YOUR POOR LATE FATHER I'D GET YOU MARRIED TOO!
SOB!
IF YOU MISS MARCO LOCO'S NEXT ADVENTURE, YOU HAVE NOBODY TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF!

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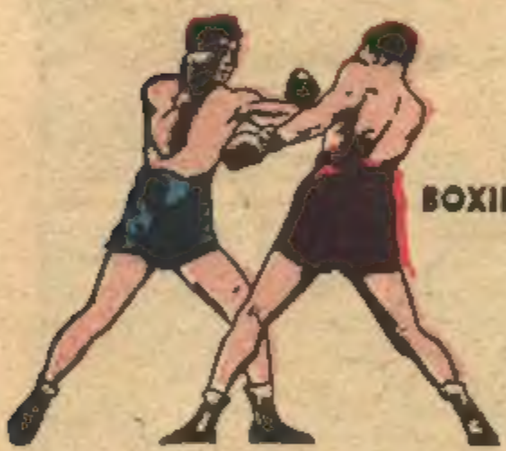

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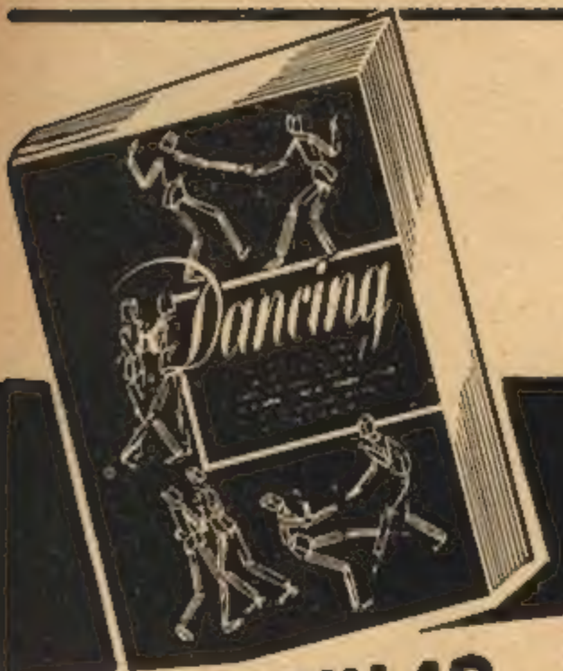

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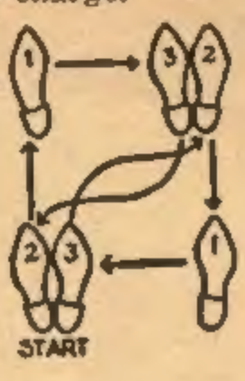

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